

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, November 5. 1709.

NOW, Gentlemen, you will pardon me a Digression, when I shall remind you that this is the 4th Day of November, the initial Day of Europe's Liberty, the great Dawning of this Age's Glory; the Day that God has hallow'd or set apart to be prais'd in, for that unvalued Blessing of KING WILLIAM's Life—On this Day it began—The Thankfulness of honest Men for the inestimable Gift, shall never fail to be reviv'd *this Day*, while they have Hearts to own it, or Britain has honest Men left to know the Hand that sav'd them, or to remember whose glorious Instrument he was, to assault Tyranny, and the most triumphant Enemies of God's Church, and his People's Liberty.

May this Day be Sacred to His Memory, *and it will be so*, while there are any such thing as honest Men in this Part of the World—The Reflection upon the least temporal Mercy ye enjoy, *ay, and some spiritual ones too*, must bring back your Memory to *this Day*, and by *this Day* to the Person by whose Name 'tis call'd—I know 'tis hard, as a Reverend Prelate of this Church once took notice, *for English-Men to remember Twenty long Tears behind them, especially so despis'd a thing as a Benefactor*—But an English-Man cannot look round him a Day in his Life, but he is as necessarily brought to a Remembrance of King William—I had almost said, as he is of a Governing Providence in the World—

Nor

Nor is it any thing prophane to joyn them; For by Him, as *Instrument*, has Providence brought to pass for us all the Wonders of the last Age—An Age big with mighty Events, swell'd with the glorious Revolution of Kingdoms, and the mighty Downfall of Hell's monstrous Schemes, laid deep, and politically directed at the Interest and Kingdom of Christ Jesus in the World;

WILLIAM was the Thunderbolt that split all the mighty Work, that blew up the Foundation of the Devil's Kingdom in *Europe*; that shook the vast Fabrick, and left it so weak, that even a Woman is thought sufficient by Heaven to finish its Destruction—Can an *English* Man go to Bed, or rise up, without blessing the very Name of **KING WILLIAM**?—His Perils have been our Safety, his Labours our Ease, his Cares our Comfort, his continued Harassing and Fatigue, our continued Calm and Tranquility.

When you sit down to eat—why have you not Soldiers quarter'd in your Houses to command your Servants, and insult your Tables? 'Tis because **KING WILLIAM** subjected the Military to the Civil Authority, and made the Sword of Justice triumph over the Sword of War—When you lie down at Night, why do you not bolt and bar your Chamber, to defend the Chastity of your Wives and Daughters from the ungovern'd Lust of raging Mercenaries?—'Tis because **KING WILLIAM** restored the Sovereignty and Dominion of the Laws—and made the Red-Coat World Servants to those that paid them. When you receive your Rents, why are not arbitrary Defalcations made upon your Tenants—arbitrary Imposts laid upon your Commerce, and oppressive Taxes levied upon your Estates, to support the Tyranny that demands them, and your Bondage made strong at your own Expence?—'Tis because **KING WILLIAM** re-establish'd the essential Security of your Properties—and put you into that happy Condition, which few Nations enjoy, of calling your Souls your own. He came you by a Parliament to balance between the Governed and the Governing, but upon King William's exalting Liberty upon the Ruin of

Oppression?—How came you even to have Power to abuse your Deliverer, but by the very Deliverance he wrought for you?—He gave you that Liberty you afterwards took to Insult him—and supported you in those very Privileges you ungratefully bullied him with—You could not wish all your brutish Skill provoke him to be a Tyrant—He abhorr'd Oppression, and scorn'd to praise it—and he that had Fire enough to assault all your Oppressors, and a Hand strong enough to wrestle with an establish'd and confirm'd Tyrant—had yet Meekness enough to let you oppress him, because he would not oppress you—and saw you ungrateful enough to oppose not your Benefactor only, but your own Felicity for his sake.

Yet to the last he fought for you against foreign Tyranny, and kept his Foot upon the Neck of your secret Usurpers—He trod upon your Enemies, even tho' you trod upon him—And those that courted him at Home to resent your Ingratitude, received his constant Frown—This was the Man that liv'd for you, and yet died by you—and hearken to it with Regret, and reproach your selves with it whilst you live—He died murder'd by your Unkindness.

Heaven, that honour'd him here, and receiv'd him from hence, has shown some dreadful Instances of his Abhorrence of the Manner he was treated here, and has resent'd the particular Insults done to his Name, as if done to himself—And I wish I could not say, Heaven seems to punish us Nationally for our National Usage of this Prince, who was his eminent Instrument to us for Good.

How are we, notwithstanding our Victories, yet embarrass'd in that cruel and bloody War, which we reproach'd him for not ending sooner? We have not yet arriv'd to that Partition-Treaty, that we threw in his Face—And if greater Conditions have been seemingly offer'd us—they have been but seemingly so, without any Security for their being made effectual. We have had Reason now to see our Reproach of King William unjust—who we ridicul'd for not beating the French, while

he has rather harden'd himself this Year, than submitted, after he has been five Times overthrow'n.

Let us look back to King *William's* Part in this War—and imagine *Lewis XIV.* in the State he was in, when that War began. Not all the Princes and States of *Europe* united, would have begun a War against him—— His Armies numerous in Men, and all those Men *Veterans* in War, and flush'd with Conquest; his Treasures in a Kind infinite, his Generals experienc'd and enterprizing; Himself 20 Years younger, and vigorous—— I tell ye, none of ye all would have ventur'd to begin the War—nor would you have been in your Wits, if you had—— It was a Work only fit for a *William*, a King that could not be discourag'd, that could conquer by being overthrow'n, that could struggle with Impossibilities, and could penetrate into the remotest Events.

Let any Man look into the Temper of our Nation at this Time, and they will find, we are not now fit to bear a Disaster, as we were then; we have fought the *French*, and beaten them, thank God for it; for, *Woe to us if we had lost the Day!* How would our Credit have been run down, our Bank been push'd at, our General insulted, our Ministry abus'd, as if really Men were now in God's Stead.

And that the Duke of *Marlborough* could not only fight for Victory, but command it—— But King *William* saw Victory even in the Want of Success; He lost the Battles, and won the Day—— and in this I am not too forward, if I say, he fought as never Man fought, and conquer'd, as never Man conquer'd—— He fought with a nerce victorious Enemy *Abroad*, with cruel and intolerable Deficiencies at *Home*—— and yet he fought! Any Body but King *William* would have yielded to insuperable Difficulties, but he fought on, and reduc'd the King of *France*, at last, to seek Peace, acknowledge him King, and affront the *Refugee* that he fought to restore.

Thus He broke the first Power of the invincible *French* Empire; He broke their old Veterans, and exhausted their immense Treasures; He took the haughty *Lewis* by

the Throat in the Flower of his Strength—— and set his Foot against him—— when he was another Kind of *Lewis* than he is now—— And tho' I would not lessen the Glory of the present Conquerors in the Field, yet—— as a Mine under a great Rock, tho' it cannot entirely blow it away, yet shakes it, and dislocates it, so as to make it easier for Workmen to remove; So King *William* shook the Foundation of *French* Power in such a manner, as has made it much easier for others to crush it entirely, than it would otherwise have been——

At last Heaven, provok'd at your Treatment of this Prince, removed him from us—— and were it not a Debt due to his Memory, I should bury in silence the barbarous Abuses of him after his Decease—— but particularly the Article of the Horse. The King was thrown by his Horse, or rather his Horse fell with him—— by which his Majesty received some hurt in his Collar-Bone, which as it was thought hasten'd his Death, tho' it is evident he did not die of that Hurt.

Now let them not only blush, but tremble at the Event, who have insulted his Memory, by canonizing in their Cups the Horse that threw down the King—— drinking a Health to the Beast, *less so by far than the Brutes that drink it*, and rejoicing in the Disaster—— Let such no more talk of Calves Head Clubs and Feasts of Triumph, *tho' vile enough too*, insulting the Dead; but nothing can match the Infamy of this Practice, odious both to God and Man—— How odious it is to Man, I think I need not insist upon; no honest Man can think of it without Horror—— But how odious to God it is—— you shall all be judge.

I pretend to no great Gift of Prophecy, nor am I the Son of a Prophet—— Yet I have now and then taken upon me to tell you some things, which, contrary to your general Opinion, have come to pass, and that surprizingly enough; Witness the Miscarriage of the King of *Sweden*—— Also I foretold you the Vengeance of God upon this very Case, which Divine Justice has made good, as directly as if I had been inspired to write the following Lines, which were written just at the Death of King *William*.

Bu

*But we have here an Ignominious Crowd,
That boast their Native Birth and English Blood ;
Whose Breasts with Envy and Contention burn,
And now rejoyce, when all the Nations mourn.
Their awkward Triumphs impudently sing,
Insult the Ashes of their Injur'd King ;
Rejoyce at the Disasters of his Crown,
And drink the Horse's Health that threw him down.
Blush, Satyr, when such Crimes we must reveal,
And draw a silent Curtain to conceal ;
Actions so vile shall ne're debauch our Song,
LET HEAVEN ALONE ; tho' Justice suffers long,
Her Leaden Wings and Iron Hands WILL show,
She WILL be certain, tho' she may be slow.*

Vide Mock-Mourners, Page 28, 29.

Now, Gentlemen, pray remark it, to the Honour of Divine Vengeance, and to the extraordinary Conviction of all that can open their Eyes to the Methods of the Almighty, in his exemplar Dealings with impious Men ; That of the scandalous Wretches, who have thus insulted the Memory of King *WILLIAM* in this Nation—by drinking the Horse's Health that hurt him. I can give you Account of at least *Eleven*, that have had their Brains dash'd out, or their Necks broke, by Falls from their Horses—Besides some that have been very much hurt, but have had Time spar'd to them for Repentance——And if ye think it for your Instruction, I may hereafter give you their several Histories——Pray mark the Retaliation—I say it again, *All by falls from their Horses.*

Can we have a greater Testimony of the abhor'd Wickedness of the Thing? Has

Heaven, in any Age, given a greater Witness to the Honour or Memory of any Man in the World? You may read plainly, how dear this Name is to the Divine Power, who concerns his Justice so remarkably to retaliate the Injuries done it—that the Party, who espouse these People, may read their Crime in their Punishment——
Let the Remnant take heed——

Now Joy and pleasant Hearts be your Portion, who commemorate this Day, that drink a temperate Glass to the Prosperity of all that lov'd King *WILLIAM*; that bless his Memory, and hand on a grateful Sense of his Actions to the Ages to come——And may all that envy and repine at his Glory, or at the great Things we enjoy from his Conduct, be disregarded and disappointed, till they repent, or do worse.